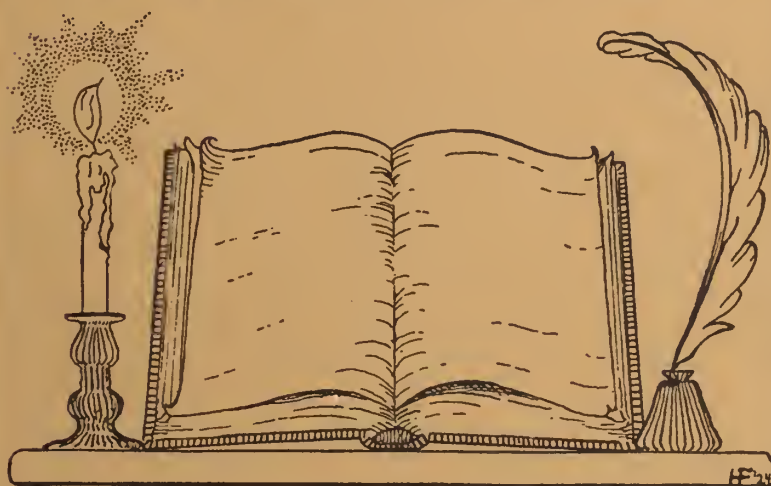




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MARCH, 1924



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Adventure

Robert T. Grey, '24

The well-built, sober-looking young man who gazed fixedly into the glowing embers in the great open fireplace would never in the world be taken for David Flynn, athlete extraordinary, common bum, and finally hero of a thrilling, single-handed capture of a gang of rum-runners.

Yet, beneath the exterior cloak of seriousness, there beat the heart of a young man, a strong human heart, yearning for the companionship of youth, wasting away in a God-forsaken country, when it might have thrilled to the ambitions, disappointments, and struggles of the civilized world, which appeared so near and yet was so far away.

The young man stirred uneasily. Swiftly his mind conjured up the memories of a dead past, and the bleakness of an aimless future.

When David Flynn, after a great struggle with temptation, had proved to himself that he was still a man, he had quietly stolen away from the scene of his come-back, determined to start life anew in some other corner of the world.

After forging his way northward, far beyond the pale of civilization, he had built himself a little cabin, where for two years he resided in comparative contentment.

Then there came a time when the solitude began to pall on him, the silent, white wastes of the frozen north seemed but to mock the emptiness of his life, and the inaction nearly drove him frantic. But he was determined not to break his resolution about returning to the world, and so to relieve his restlessness, he planned a series of explorations of the surrounding country.

For about three weeks, Dave ranged over the level white stretches to the

north, south, and west, but finding nothing of any particular interest, he prepared to journey towards the northeast, where, in the dim distance, the austere majesty of the snow-capped mountains seemed to prohibit closer inspection.

Two days out from camp, Dave encountered an unlooked-for obstacle in the form of a wide, swift-flowing river. Somewhat nettled, Dave turned back to camp, where, for several days, he busied himself by preparing a means of transportation across the river.

Starting out again, he managed to get his unwieldy raft safely across the river, and a three-day trip brought him to the base of the first of a range of mountains.

As Dave pitched camp, he was thrilled to think that perhaps he was the first man to reach this northerly range. The adventure in the situation appealed to him and he determined to scale the side of the mountain before returning to his cabin.

Early the next morning, Dave started on his perilous ascent. By dint of hard labor, he managed to reach a ledge about two hundred feet up. After resting a few minutes, he prepared to proceed again when a strange thing happened.

Venturing a little too near the edge of the cliff, his weight broke off a bit of the frozen snow. Dave managed to retain his balance, but he shuddered to think of what might have happened. Deciding to take no more chances, he quickly descended.

When he reached the ground, his eyes were involuntarily drawn to the cliff. Even as he looked, he drew back, amazed, for where before he had seen a mass of white snow, now he saw the face of the mountain bared. The piece

of snow he had broken off had started a miniature land-slide, and in the morning sunlight, the exposed earth glistened unnaturally.

Then realization dawned on "Dave." "Gold," he murmured, reverently, while his heart throbbed wildly.

For a week, Dave prospected feverishly, and then, his food supply giving out, he turned towards home, laden with specimens, and with the location of the mountain carefully charted.

Arriving home, Dave proceeded to make an assay of the ore. "Perhaps I didn't learn much at college, but what I did learn comes in handy," he chuckled, gleefully.

His assay only convinced him of what he had already suspected. He had discovered a gold mine! He had a fortune, if he wanted to claim it! He could be a power in the world, he would—

Again the young man stirred uneasily. The dying embers of the fire glowed fitfully, the room became chill, and still the man kept his place by the fireplace.

Finally he arose, his fists clenched, as if he had arrived at a great decision. "No," he murmured, softly but firmly, "I suppose I could be a modern Monte Cristo if I wanted to. But I have no wrongs to avenge, no friends to reward. I guess I'll stick right here where I am."

About a month after this incident, Dave found it necessary to journey southward in order to obtain supplies.

On the return trip, when about ten miles from camp, Dave's dog team stopped abruptly, sniffed the air suspiciously, and gave vent to a series of low, throaty growls.

"Wolves," thought Dave, and with an impatient "Mush on," he urged the team forward.

A mile further on, the dogs again stopped, and, when Dave looked around to find the cause, he was surprised to see the body of a man lying face down,

while nearby a dog team waited vainly for the command to go.

As Dave hastened forward, a hundred questions flashed through his mind. Who could this man be? How did he get here? What—

His crisp command brought the dogs to a standstill. As he turned the body over, he was greeted by the sickening smell of alcohol and the features of one whom he disliked most heartily.

"Macgregor!" he cried, in dismay and anger. "What are you doing here? I thought you were in prison."

"Me? My term's up. Only got two years. Thought I'd beat it north and reform, you know," he leered. "Thought I'd reform quick. Got a dog team—beat it. Fast man, I am, but them dogs is too speedy. Threw me off, so they did,—broke ankle,—"

Dave turned away in disgust. Then, suddenly, "Macgregor, I'm taking you to my cabin, but as soon as you're able, out you go. Understand?"

"Yep, understand. Couldn't be clearer in fact."

Then drunken stupor overcoming pain, he dozed off. Dave literally threw the limp body onto the sled, and once again headed for home.

When Macgregor was sober the next day, Dave repeated what he had told him the previous night.

"Understand me, Macgregor," he concluded, "when you were captain of the Coast Guards at Lost Beach Station, you made me lose faith in human nature at that time when I was trying to go straight, so I'm going to have nothing to do with you. Is that clear?"

Even as Macgregor nodded in the affirmative, his shifty eyes, glancing over the room, lighted on the ore specimens which lined the mantelpiece over the fire place. His eyes narrowed to mere pin points, and glistened evilly. But all this escaped Dave's attention.

Finally, Macgregor was able to limp about the cabin. He had long decided that Dave had discovered a mine, and the one question always uppermost in his mind was "Where is it?"

When Macgregor ventured outdoors and saw mountains in only one direction, he concluded, logically enough, that it was there that the mine lay.

At last, Dave felt that Macgregor was well enough to get out. He told him so, but evidently the announcement didn't bother him in the least. He decided it was time for him to flash his trump card.

"Flynn," he began, "I'm in on the secret. You know I've seen the ore, and you know that I'm well aware of the fact that the mine is in that range," pointing to the northeast. "Now what do you say, will you take me as a partner, or are you going to be nasty about it?"

Dave had been expecting this question for some time, and his answer was on the tip of his tongue.

"You dirty bum," he began, in a slow, conversational tone of voice, "I saved you from freezing to death, when another man in my position would have left you to die. I have fed you and cared for you, and yet you try to force me to take you for a partner. I wouldn't have you for a partner if that claim were never worked, you dirty yellow cur!"

"Come down to earth and talk sense," snorted Macgregor, "when you've been out I've searched this cabin thoroughly, and you've got no title to that mine. You've never filed your claim. Now," he concluded triumphantly, "will you take me for a partner?"

"No," Dave nearly bellowed, turning on his heel.

Without a second's hesitation, Macgregor picked up a chair, and coming up behind Dave, he let it drive with all his strength. Dave crumpled up instantly.

Slowly consciousness returned to Dave. His head spun dizzily, and it was some time before he fully recollected what had happened.

"Macgregor!" At the mere sound of the word, he felt his flesh quiver. But Macgregor was right. He had no title to the mine, but if he didn't hurry, Macgregor would have. Well, let him. Let him? What red-blooded man will let a fortune slip through his fingers without putting up a fight for it? Let Macgregor have it? That bum?

His own words of self-reproach prodded him to action. He looked at his watch. Macgregor had a two-hour start, but there was that short cut over Death Glacier. That meant danger, perhaps death, but he might beat Macgregor. Might beat him? He would beat him!

He speedily harnessed the dogs, and within five minutes he was speeding rapidly towards Nome.

An hour later, the registrar of deeds in the city of Nome, was confronted by two exhausted men, each waving a claim, and asking to have it filed.

"Gentlemen," he said wonderingly, "upon my zoned maps, I can't locate any land where your claims are. I am afraid if you want your claims considered, you'll have to take them to Washington."

"Washington," exploded Dave. "I tell you I've been to this land. Here's some specimens of ore that I obtained."

"I'm sorry, but my decision is final," said the registrar, "you must go to Washington."

Discouraged, Dave turned around. Macgregor had already disappeared. Rushing from the office, Dave dashed wildly for the local office of the steamship line.

"Boat left twenty minutes ago, sir. Another one in three days."

Dave cursed softly. "He's one jump ahead of me again," he muttered.

After a three day wait, and a short

ocean trip that seemed interminable, Dave landed at Seattle, and, through a stroke of good luck, he managed to catch a transcontinental express, just on the point of starting.

Every ten minute stop, every change of engines, seemed to lengthen the journey by at least a day.

At last the train pulled into the Grand Central Station in New York, and as Dave left the station he caught a glimpse of Macgregor hastening towards another train.

Deciding that as Macgregor had the lead, he ought to know what he was doing, Dave decided to follow him at all costs.

Macgregor boarded a Syracuse train, and Dave followed suit. Arriving at his destination, Macgregor swiftly made his way up to a house, where, in response to his ring, a maid ushered him in.

Outside Dave waited impatiently, wondering whose house this was, and what Macgregor expected to gain by visiting it. So absorbed did he become in his reflections, that he didn't notice the door open. Hearing footsteps he turned quickly. He was face to face with Macgregor.

"You here?" queried Macgregor.

"Very much so."

"A lot of good it will do you," said Macgregor, walking away.

Dave ran up the stairs and rung the bell. Again the maid appeared, and for a moment Dave was stumped as to whom he should ask for.

Finally he managed to blurt out, "May I speak with the one to whom that man was speaking?" indicating the receding figure of Macgregor.

At this unusual request, the maid hesitated, as if inwardly debating whether or not to slam the door upon this strange caller.

Then, with a "Step in, please," she hastened upstairs, where she timidly knocked upon a door.

"Come in," said a soft feminine voice.

"Miss Smith," began the maid, "there's a strange man down stairs who wanted to speak with you. And please, miss, be careful, for I'm afraid he's a little crazy."

"Thanks, Mary, but I guess I'll get along all right."

Dave heard footsteps upon the stairs, and turning, he beheld a very pretty young lady, nattily attired in a riding habit.

Unexpected as the sight was, Dave felt his face grow hot, and he knew he must be blushing furiously, why, he didn't know.

"You wished to speak to me?" inquired the young lady, while her sparkling blue eyes fairly laughed at his embarrassment.

"Yes,—no, that is, I thought I did," stammered Dave.

The girl laughed, and Dave followed suit. It relieved him considerably.

"You see," he started, "I rather expected to see a man, for I thought Mr. Macgregor, who just left, had come here to see a man."

"So he did. He wanted to speak with my father, who is Mr. Smith."

"Not Mr. Smith, of the government at Washington?"

"The same," affirmed the girl, highly amused.

"When will your father return?"

"Not for some time. You see, he just left New York, in his yacht, for a vacation in the South Sea isles."

"I see. Well, I'm sorry to have bothered you. Good day, Miss Smith."

Outside, Dave gave vent to his vexation at this new disappointment. South Sea isles,—that meant three months, at least. And in the meantime, what would Macgregor be doing? What would he himself be doing? These thoughts troubled him.

The next morning, Dave, drawn by

some intangible impulse, hired a saddle horse, and set out for the outskirts of the city, in the vague hope of seeing Miss Smith.

Nor was he disappointed. About a mile from the city, he saw Miss Smith riding along easily, and about twenty-five yards behind her were three figures on horseback, one of whom Dave recognized as Macgregor.

"Macgregor," he mused, "that looks bad. But surely he can intend no harm when there is a regiment of cavalry encamped in plain sight, not more than a quarter of a mile away."

Suddenly a scattering volley of shots pierced the air, the sharp, incisive command of a bugle was heard, and Dave, turning in the direction of the army camp, saw a sight that caused him to gaze, awe-stricken, without moving from the spot.

A stampede had occurred. Fifteen hundred horses had broken loose. Led by a wild young colt, they dashed madly forward, a veritable sea of tossing heads, waving manes, and flying feet. Certain death to anyone in their way.

Instinctively Dave thought of Miss Smith. He looked. There she was, driving furiously, and followed closely by Macgregor and his two companions. Dave, too, started forward, but the stampeding horses, suddenly changing their course, cut across his path, and effectively blocked him.

Finally the last horse disappeared in a cloud of yellow dust, and Dave looked around apprehensively. No Miss Smith in sight and no Macgregor. Could they have been trampled to death? No, for there were no riderless horses in sight.

Despairing of finding them, Dave turned back towards the city, his mind full of a premonition of evil. He couldn't get Macgregor out of his mind, yet—

And then, like a flash, realization

dawned on him. Macgregor had abducted Miss Smith. He meant to make her sail with him for the South Sea, and, once there, by using her as hostage, he could force her father to grant his claim to the mine.

Viciously he dug his heel into his animal's side, and soon he was in the city once more. Without losing a moment he prepared to leave for New York, where, if his hunch proved correct, Macgregor would have a ship ready for sea.

Arrived in New York, Dave at once made his way to one of the many waterfront dives where a hard luck sailor can manage to secure a berth, whether he likes it or not.

Sidling up to the proprietor, Dave asked, "How's chances of shipping?"

"Fine. Sign up here."

"What ship?"

" 'Bountiful.' "

Dave started as he recognized the name of the erstwhile rum schooner, whose capture he had effected three years ago.

"Where bound?" was his next query.

"Blind trip," came the curt retort.

Dave was satisfied that this was the boat he was looking for. Without further questioning, he signed, and was told to get aboard immediately, for the ship was merely waiting the arrival of a passenger or two before sailing.

Once aboard, Dave hid himself in a place where he might watch all who came aboard.

Late that night, he heard voices, and shortly after a limp form was carried aft, and Macgregor's voice was heard.

"Understand, she's to have the freedom of the ship, and she's to be unmolested by any of the crew, Hendricks. I'll lay low the whole trip, and she'll never know it was I that lifted her. Chloroform is great stuff, isn't it?"

For days, the sturdy little craft sped evenly on its way, and not once had

Dave even caught a glimpse of Macgregor. Yet, distrustful of him, he spent his nights off watch very near the cabin where he knew Miss Smith was.

One foggy night as he stole aft to take up his watch, he was surprised to hear voices, one, very quivery and soft, the other, that of Hendricks, harsh and loud.

"C'mon, now, little girl, that's no way to treat me if you ever want to see your old man again. Be a bit more sociable."

"Sir!" cried the girl indignantly, and then, breaking down, "Oh, why do you torture me with your ill-meant intentions. Why do you bring me aboard this hateful—"

"There, little one, don't take it so to heart. Let me—ow, you little she-devil."

Dave heard the resounding smack, and in the dim light he saw the girl struggling futilely to escape from the man's iron grip. Then he stepped forward.

"Let that young lady go!"

Hendricks looked around, and recognizing Dave as a member of the crew, he snarled, "Get forward, you!"

Paying no attention to the command, Dave repeated, "Let the young lady go!"

"No!"

Like a flash of lightning, Dave hooked a terrific right to Hendrick's jaw. It travelled only a short distance, but the hundred and seventy-odd pounds of bone and muscle behind it caused Hendricks to crumple like a paper daisy.

"Quick!" ordered Dave seizing the girl by the arm, "into your cabin, Miss Smith."

"Ruth," she corrected.

Before any more words could be exchanged, the entire watch, attracted by the girl's shrill cries of alarm, arrived on the deck, and Jim Kenmore, the

boatswain, seeing Dave holding Ruth's arm, misinterpreted his meaning and shouted. "It's Flynn! Try that stuff, will you? Take that!"

This unexpected attack of the infuriated sailors caught Dave unprepared, and he retreated towards the edge of the deck. Then a well-directed missile caught him on the side of the head, he lost his balance, and then—blackness.

When Dave struck the water, he was unconscious, but the sudden immersion brought him to, and he began to swim about mechanically, aimlessly.

He had a faint recollection of seeing a girlish form trying to jump overboard, he heard her cry of anguish, and saw the sailors restrain her with force. All this before he lost consciousness. Yet the scene didn't displease him.

"Some kid," he murmured, over and over, "wanted to save me, did she, just because—"

Dawn found him practically exhausted.

He was fast losing consciousness again, but his trained senses told him that the fog had lifted, that the dim line to the south was land, and that the dark gray outline was a ship. He turned feebly to signal.

* * * * *

Slowly his eyelids fluttered open. Was this—who was that beautiful girl?

"How are you feeling Mr. Flynn?"

As Dave recognized the soft, musical voice, he sighed happily and said "David."

"How are you,—David?" inquired the young lady, correcting herself.

"Much better,—Ruth."

"I'm so glad."

A door opened, and a brisk, middle aged man with steel-gray hair, entered.

"Mr Flynn," he started, "I want to thank you for interceding in my daughter's behalf on board that boat, and I'm very sorry that the service was so

poorly rewarded by the well-meaning sailors. And if there's anything I can ever do to help you, let me know."

"Say, Mr. Smith, I've discovered a mine, in northern Alaska, and I've been trying to get my land grant settled for some time. It would be—"

"You, too?" ejaculated Smith.

"Yes, why?"

"Ruth, will you please send Mr. Macgregor in here. And we'd like to be alone, please."

A moment later, Macgregor appeared.

"Mr. Macgregor," said Smith, "was a passenger on the boat my daughter was on. He has spoken to me about claiming a mine, and from his description, it appears that his claim and yours are identical, Mr. Flynn."

"Yes, it does appear so," agreed Dave, smiling ironically.

"Well, gentlemen," continued Smith, "there's only one way of settling this affair. We'll proceed back to Havana, on my yacht, and from there, you two will race for it and I'll grant title to the first one who actually is on the ground, and has his claim staked off. And, furthermore, I'll finance, on my own resources, the winner, if he cares to have me, and if the mine proves valuable. What do you say, gentlemen?"

"Suits me," said Dave.

"Agreed," put in Macgregor, while an evil smile played about the corners of his mouth.

The next day, Hendricks, in Havana, received the following wireless message from Macgregor.

"Flynn arrives Havana tomorrow. Prevent his leaving at all costs."

That night, as Dave leaned over the deck rail, another figure noiselessly approached his side. It was Ruth.

"Dave," she said, "I do hope you win. It will mean so much, to us,—" the last fairly whispered.

"I, that is, we can't lose, not now, anyway," Dave reassured her.

The full moon had set, the gentle zephyrs of evening had given place to the cooler breezes of night, and still neither Dave nor Ruth noticed, or, for that matter, cared about the passage of time.

Morning found the yacht at the entrance to the harbor of Havana. Mr. Smith, Macgregor, and Flynn, went ashore, and the race was on.

Mr. Smith ordered his yacht through the Panama canal, and up the western coast of the U. S. in order to be at Nome ahead of either of the contestants in the strange race.

It was evident that Dave and Macgregor, each depending on regular scheduled steamship sailings and railroad schedules, would arrive at Nome at about the same time. So the real race would be practically a dog team race from Nome to the site of the claim.

Yet, in accordance with Macgregor's plans, Flynn mysteriously disappeared. Quite confident of success, Macgregor journeyed leisurely over the continent, and was not in the least surprised to find himself the first there.

He prepared to start for the claim in company with Smith and Ruth, and he was only slightly perturbed when he received a telegram from Hendricks to the effect that "we missed Flynn entirely. Be on the lookout."

Macgregor duly staked his claim, and Smith acknowledged that he had won the race.

"But as this land is not on official government maps, I'll deed you one hundred and sixty acres of land in the most northeastern part of Alaska," said Smith, "how is that?"

"Suits me," assented Macgregor.

{During the whole transaction, Ruth stood to one side, wishing to voice an appeal for a longer time, yet not daring to trust her voice.

Then, a series of pistol shots attracted the attention of everyone, and a dog

team could be seen bearing down upon them at a terrific pace.

"It's Dave!" cried Ruth.

"If it is, he's too late," vouchsafed Macgregor, in his most disagreeable manner, "I've got the deed."

It was now apparent that it was Dave who approached, and hardly had he entered the cabin when Macgregor said, gloatingly, "Well, Flynn, I won."

"Yes," shortly, and then to Smith, "Have you pledged this man your financial support?"

"No."

"Well, please give me an hour to prove something to you before you pledge yourself. Now come outside."

Somewhat mystified by Dave's words, they all trooped outside, where their ears were greeted by a peculiar droning noise. Shortly after, a giant dirigible sailed majestically overhead, and a few minutes later, it turned, and started back.

As it flew over them, it loosened a small parachute which floated down in a most tantalizing manner.

When it finally touched the ground, Dave picked it up, and tearing an envelope from it, he read the enclosed message hurriedly, and then, rushing towards Smith, he thrust it into his hands, saying "Read it,—aloud."

"Your theory proves to be correct," read Smith, "but what does it mean, Dave?"

"Simply this. I played my big hunch as usual. That river puzzled me when first I ran across it. I've thought about it ever since, and finally I became convinced that it was the Yukon. This message from the air proves it, so, Macgregor, those mountains and that mine lie in Canada, not Alaska, and you've got a deed to a lot of snow."

"But the mine isn't yours, either," sneered Macgregor, "if it's in Canada."

"Yes, it's in Canada. And that's where I've been. From Havana I beat it to Ottawa, obtained the concession to work the claim, and here I am. And as I told you once before, Macgregor, leave this cabin while you're able to walk," Dave concluded meaningly.

"Great work!" said Smith, shaking Dave's hand, "you lost the race but you won."

"In more ways than one," chimed in Ruth, smiling in her most bewitching manner.

And again, that night, walking on snow shoes across the frozen wastes so flooded with the magic lights of the great north, Dave and Ruth were insensible to the passage of time.

* * * * *

SENIORS! ATTENTION!

The Senior Class Committee for membership in the E. H. S. Alumni Association has been appointed, and is now ready to accept applications for membership. The life membership fee is only one dollar.

The committee has set 300 memberships as a goal in order to outdo the excellent showing of last year's class. It is, however, expected that more than this number will respond.

Those members who join immediately will be eligible to attend the big Alumni banquet in the Drill Hall on April 30.

Committee

J. T. McMorrow (108), *Chairman*

A. J. Flynn (105)

J. F. Donoghue (104)

A. N. Bornstein (101)

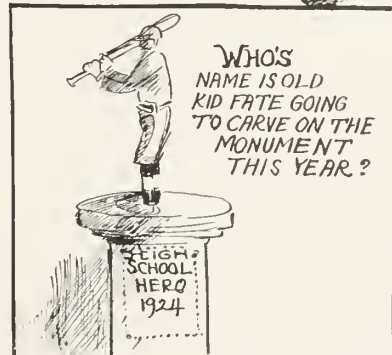
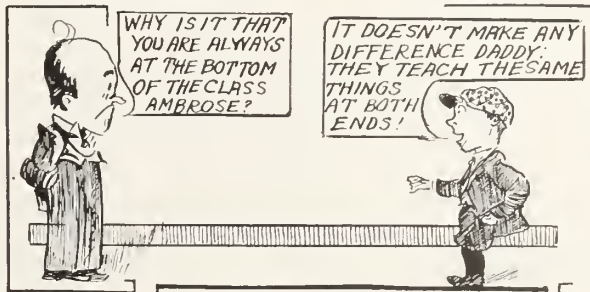
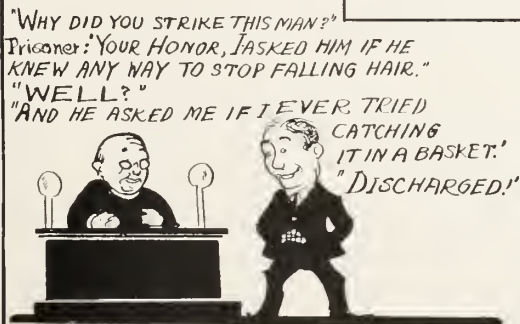
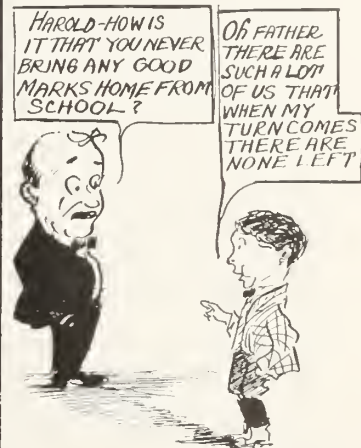
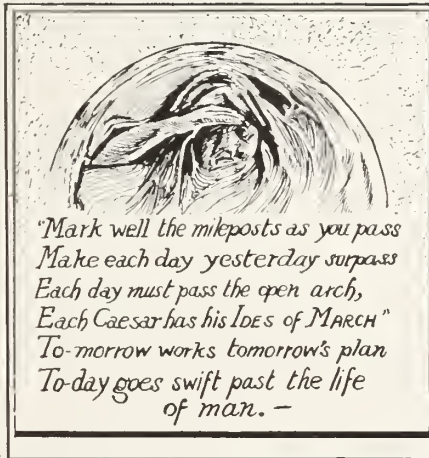
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M. L. Brown (102)

J. M. Mirkin (109)



HARRY G. CRONOS '27



It appears that the juniors are going to organize themselves as a class sometime in the near future, thereby following the precedent set by '24. Accordingly, a few words about classes in general would not be amiss at this time.

First, while you are undergraduates, see that you have capable officers. The officers must be the backbone and aggressive element of the class. It is they and the committees they appoint who determine the success of any undertaking of the class. If you want well-conducted dances, and a real, substantial banquet, you must have the pick of the class in executive positions.

The offices deserving the most careful consideration of the class are President and Secretary-Treasurer. Many will say the second is more important. Take it as you will, the President is the power to plan and act, is the center of motivation. Appointing the committees, he directly controls everything the class does.

On the other hand the Sec.-Treas. is the only permanent officer of the organization. Upon him rests the responsibility for the alumni status of the class. It is not vain pride, but hard fact, which allows us to state that our school through its alumni is greater than any other high school, and has a longer record of achievement than many universities.

* * * * *

A short while ago the following letter from C. H. Carter, Secretary of '73, appeared in the Boston Transcript:

"To the Quadwangler: I note in your column that the Amherst class of '84 claims to have the longest record of annual dinners and reunions of any college or university in the United States. This may be true, but the English High School Class of '73 has had at least one dinner and reunion annually beginning 1874. It celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in June, 1923, in a two-days' celebration, 43 members being present at the dinner, and nearly as many (four-fifths of them non-Catholics) at a Sunday service in a Roman Catholic church in honor of one of its members, the officiating clergyman, Monsignor Edward J. Moriarity.

Within a few days Mr. Downey received a note from the class of 1866-69, which has a still more enviable record. This group has held reunions every year since graduation. Their "Fifty-fifth Annual Reunion and Dinner" was held at Young's Hotel, Jan. 19,, this year.

With such records as these to live up to, our present under-grads must get busy and think of the future. With new schools springing up and gaining power, there must be a struggle for supremacy. We may contribute materially by using common sense in selecting officers, by joining the E. H. S. Alumni Association, and by creating throughout the city a respect for the school, due to our acts as individuals.

—C. M. W.

THE VALUE OF MATHEMATICS

Arthur F. Leary

In popular discussions of mathematics there has been a tendency to over-emphasize the practical side. To be sure the applications are innumerable; but the average pupil little realizes the great value, aside from actual usefulness, of the study of mathematics.

To show that the subject is practical, it is only necessary to mention a few of its fields of usefulness. There are its ordinary uses in the home and in marketing; in all the trades, in some, such as pattern-making and masonry, more than in others; in architecture, with its designing, drawing, and estimating, in the various phases of engineering; in shop and factory work, navigation, astronomy, agriculture, forestry, athletics, and in the commercial world.

The actual use of arithmetic has been somewhat curtailed by the introduction of calculating machines. Adding machines are now as common as typewriters and there seems to be no end to the possible stunts that the newer machines can perform. On the other hand, there has been a marked increase in the use of graphs. Graphical work was formerly confined to analysis in higher mathematics. Today its usefulness is widespread. The factory manager formerly discussed his employment data with columns of figures; now he uses a curve, with men and time as coordinates. He formerly referred to cumbersome ledgers for his production data; today he keeps at hand a chart from which he can readily take off the cost per ton or the production per day. Graphs are also extensively used by financial experts, efficiency men, and life insurance companies in analyzing statistics.

Pupils in mathematics are trained to use their knowledge and skill as occasion demands. They are trained in accuracy and facility in measurement and computation; in the use of formulas and graphs; and in various other ways so that they may meet the practical needs they may encounter.

It must be evident to pupils, however, that much of their mathematics could not be directly commercialized. Indeed not many subjects in the curriculum equip for a trade. You could hardly go down town and earn a living on your knowledge of the War of the Roses, or of the pluperfect tense. What value is there in mathematics, aside from its direct usefulness?

Mathematics, whether utilitarian or not, helps develop those qualities which distinguish the educated man;—qualities which can be capitalized in any field.

It is particularly valuable in training common sense, judgment, and self-reliance. Much of the work involves analysis, logic, and generalization. These tend to give a pupil an attitude of inquiry, of thoroughness, of concentration; or the desire to get to the bottom of things. There is an increase in ability to reason accurately and to use effective methods of attacking problems.

Probably the principal reason why so many students study mathematics lies in its varied appeal. There is something in it that is satisfying to the human mind. Most Greek philosophers were mathematicians; Hindu and Arab philosophy abound in references to mathematical and astronomical subjects. There is in it a reign of law that is satisfying to the reason,—a new fact depending on another fact just proved; the absolute certainty in all places, at all times, of the rule for the square of a binomial. The logical sequence in mathematics can be so perfect that it is classified as the most pure of sciences. The aspect of the beautiful and sublime is present in mathematics as well as in music and art. Then there is also

the game element, with the consequent stimulus gained from the successful solution of puzzling problems. These help develop initiative and mental independence.

While many of the advances made in the history of mathematics came through the necessity of supplying a utilitarian demand, still much of the development, particularly in geometry, came through a demand for the truth, for truth's sake, without reference to practical need.

Success in life depends on many things besides a trade. Mathematics helps form that background of learning which the educated man calls on throughout life. At the same time it develops qualities which are distinctly useful in any walk of life, qualities which an employer evaluates as assets.

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SCHOOL NOTES

Took another trip to the gym.

This time had no trouble in getting in

(How's that for poetry, huh?)

Was glad to see Captain Maguire in track suit (now that his ailment has partly left him) and trying to limber up in time to run in the coming meets. Good luck, "Dese."

Saw Art Kirley, Boston College middle distance runner and relay star, taking a few laps in the drill hall.

'Pears as if English is going to have quite a few record holders this year. Little (?) Scott has already broken the broad jump mark in practice, and Jackson, brilliant intermediate high jumper came within about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch of the record governing his event. 5 ft. $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches was what he did in the inter-class meet. Some class, eh?

Talk about explosions and earthquakes, huh? Listen to this.

Quite a little excitement was caused near rooms (260), (259), and (258), when Mr. Weber leaning against the radiator pushed off an already loosened valve and immediately there was a cloudburst of high pressure steam; so great was the velocity of the escaping heat that it reached the entire length of the stairs to the opposite wall. The continued noise and the confusion occasioned by this incident seemed to present possibilities of excuses from attending the first period (all occurred a few seconds after the conclusion of the home room period) for scores of students hovered nearby and were very reluctant to depart to their respective assignments. However, the valve was returned firmly to its former position and the incident ended then and there.

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Athletics is very much in evidence at this time of the year. The track, hockey, swimming, and rifle teams are on the move, basketball has started, and fencing is in its primary stages of growth. Outside of the class room athletics is the most flourishing part of school life and it is an encouraging fact to see that this beneficial pastime has appealed to so large a number of students.

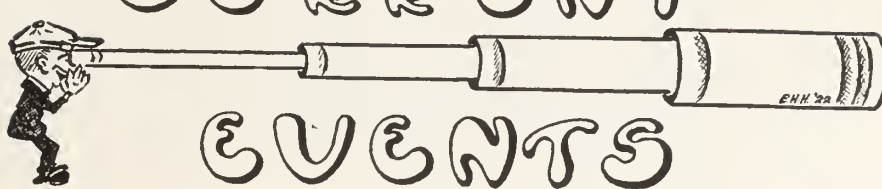
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AS WE ARE SEEN

Look at the cover of this magazine, the *Record*, from English High School. It is effective and tempts me to read the contents. Its cartoons are very amusing and well drawn. Their exchange column is entirely different from all others, and, as the idea is cleverly executed, the page is interesting.

The *Noddler*, East Boston High School.

CURRENT EVENTS



CLUBS

SCIENCE CLUB

The third meeting of the Science Club was held on Tuesday, Jan. 15. C. T. Prendergast (110) delivered a talk on Perpetual Motion, depicting its futility and ineffectiveness. The greatest part of this meeting was consumed by A. S. Reinhart's (110) unique and interesting theme. He performed numerous chemical experiments producing explosions and color changes by the means of a single drop of water. Reinhart exposed the "quack fortune teller's" methods of relating fortunes through printed cards, and displayed several so called fortunes in the process of construction. He also demonstrated new methods for the evolution of oxygen.

Admission to any of the Science Club meetings is granted every student, and membership is open to those pupils taking a course in science.

The fourth meeting of the Science Club was held Tuesday, Feb. 5. Mr. Hatch performed several interesting physical experiments on heat and expansion. Slides illustrating concrete and houses constructed of same material were shown.

The above procedure was accompanied by an explanatory lecture by Reinhart. This meeting was a very entertaining one and was greatly appreciated by all present. Those attending the subsequent gatherings of this association are assured of an interesting afternoon. The increase in membership is astonishing.

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CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

At the meeting on Monday, Jan. 14, the first of a series of debates was given. The subject was: *Resolved*, That the city own and operate the Boston Elevated System. Each participant spoke for about five minutes. By a popular vote of the club members, the affirmative side, consisting of C. Sullivan (204) and E. Citron (208) defeated S. L. Rosenthal (111) and R. Citron (208), who comprised the negative side.

At the meeting held the following week the subject of debate was: *Resolved*, That the soldiers be granted a bonus. J. McMorrow (108), E. Stiller (311), and S. De Jong (210), were the affirmative speakers; H. Liberman (303), E. Bermingham (152), and M. Eglichen (211), were the negative team. The affirmative side was victorious.

The topic of discussion at the next meeting was: *Resolved*, That the Mellon tax reduction plan be adopted. The affirmative speaker, L. Levine (108), defeated McMorrow of the negative side.

Another meeting was held on Monday, Feb. 4. A debate was delivered on the subject: *Resolved*, That the Bok Peace Plan be adopted. L. Gabelnick (230), spoke for the affirmative; Liberman upheld the negative. The final decision (by vote of members) was a draw.

GERMAN CLUB

The third meeting of the German Club was held on Tuesday, Jan. 29. The program was very interesting. M. Shaffer (354), recited in an admirable manner, the old German poem "Der alte Barbarossa." The extraordinary shooting scene reproduced from "Wilhelm Tell" was portrayed by several members of the club.

T. Rietzel (110), acted the part of the "tyrant Gessler"; H. Knowles (107), was "Walter Furst"; F. Duemmling (104), was "Walter Tell"; and B. Francis (211), played the difficult part of "Wilhelm Tell."

This representation was voted an excellent piece of work, by the club.

Mr. Grant contributed a talk in German on "My Experiences in Germany at the Outbreak of the World War." The speaker employed words understood by his audience. The talk was interesting, humorous, and pleased all present.

* * * * *

Is there anything in a name?

Take a look at the following.

SYLV(E)STER

CON(N)ELL

HO(G)AN

WA(L)L

SM(I)TH

SNU(S)HALL

SOUT(H)WORTH

GOLDT(H)WAITE

CAD(I)GAN

WRI(G)HT

LEIG(H)TON

WIN(S)TON

Mc(C)OY

CUS(H)MAN

J(O)Y

PO(O)LE

BEL(L)ING

SCHE(F)FY

AD(A)MS

RO(C)HE

McLA(U)GHLIN

FO(L)EY

HA(T)CH

BR(Y)ANT

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SOPHOMORE DRILL HALL ASSEMBLY

On Thursday, Jan. 24, an assembly of the entire second year class was held in the Drill Hall. Lt. Driscoll introduced Captain Einaar Chester, who spoke on the advantages of spending a month at the "Citizens' Military Training Camp."

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A NEW TEACHER

A few words regarding Mr. Giduz (312), a recent addition to our faculty, who has taken the place of Mr. Senesac. (The latter has accepted a position in the New Bedford High School).

Mr. Giduz is a native of Boston and graduated from English High School in 1900. Besides completing a course at Harvard, '05, and securing an A.B. degree, he has travelled extensively in Europe and received a Diploma of Phonetics from the University of Grenoble, France. Mr. Giduz has instructed in the State of Montana and in the Philippine Islands. He teaches French.

* * * * *

Tommy: "Mother do all make-believe stories begin 'Once upon a time?' "

Mother: "No, dear, sometimes they begin, 'My love, I am detained at the office to-night'."

FOOTBALL SWEATERS—SENIOR ASSEMBLY

At the Senior Class Assembly Jan. 24, Mr. Downey presented the football sweaters to the heroes of the fall season. In remarks suited to the occasion, Mr. Downey called to the attention of the class the fact that sweaters are being awarded for the first time since before the war. Due to a School Committee appropriation thirty sweaters may be awarded annually, but no student may receive two. They are awarded for participation in major sports only.

Mr. Lindsly Schell, '06, Secretary of the English High School Association, told the class about the many famous alumni that have come from E. H. S., and the unit that binds such men to each other and to the school, the Alumni Association.

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Sweater-Men

Capt. F. R. Bridges
F. D. Regan
A. L. Mills
J. F. Flahive
J. A. Tremble
A. J. Downey
H. Foster

Mgr. C. M. Wright
H. T. Pickard
W. M. White
A. L. Crosson
H. Michelson
C. Hootstein
J. F. Whittaker

J. Rothner

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RECORD SALES

We would like to see an increase in the number of fellows buying "Records." While the sales of earlier issues have been average, we would like to see these last few issues go over big.

Especial credit is due to Mr. Lakey's home room, 206, which has had 100 per cent sales all the year. Mr. Barrows' room of post-graduates is not far behind Mr. Lakey's in total sales.

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SCHOOL COUNCIL

In accordance with provisions recently passed by the School council, there have been two standing committees elected, the Committee on Athletics, and the Committee on Student Activities. The personnel of the committees is as follows:

Committee on Student Activities

Robert T. Grey, *Chairman*

Chandler M. Wright, *Secretary*
Mr. Allen

Edward Stone
Mr. Roche

* * * * *

Committee on Athletics

Milton Quint, *Chairman*

John Thorup (*Secretary*)
Mr. Smith (member ex-officio)

Mr. Keller
Mr. Wilson

PATRIOTIC EXERCISES

On Wednesday, Feb. 6, patriotic exercises were held throughout the school in honor of the death of former president Woodrow Wilson. The services included the reading of proclamations, the discussion of his accomplishments and several other methods of commemorating the name of the great man who recently departed forever from the country to which he devoted his life.

Another form of honor held, in the efforts to perpetuate his lofty ideals, precepts, and faultless character, were the rifle salutes and bugle calls.

The former tribute was to be performed by a regular military firing squad, but motor transportation for the same was not available and as a result it did not appear. Nevertheless, the salute was fired and great credit is due the students who undertook to fulfill the hazardous task, for Lt. Driscoll learning of the failure of the soldiers to arrive selected four seniors and directed the shots from the loaded rifles which they held.

BANK NOTES

E. H. S. has led all the high schools in the city in amount deposited for November, December and January. The number of new depositors was 21.

The following is a part of a circular received from Mr. Nutting, Assistant Treasurer of the Home Savings Bank.

"The fundamental purpose of the School Savings Banking is to develop the habit of thrift in the public schools by combining periodical savings banking with the teaching of thrift.

The January increase in the number of pupils enrolled as regular bankers is very gratifying and may indicate the approach of the time when participation will be practically 100 per cent in each class room.

The amount which each pupil saves is of secondary interest to the primary fact that he participates as a school bank depositor, and secondary that as such depositor, he deposits from his savings at least once each week.

A pupil opening a savings account has made a definite step forward. His progress may be measured by the fact that he deposits regularly or otherwise manifests a desire to save.

ROBERT F. NUTTING,

Assistant Treasurer.

"Variety is the spice of life."

We don't know who first made the foregoing crack, but, whoever he was, he "knew his stuff," for to-day one finds that variety when used in the proper proportions with originality and used conservatively spells success. It is the thing that is out of the ordinary that attracts the crowd—because it is novel. We see this in high school publications—more interest is shown in the paper if it deviates from those cut and dried formulas, which have been followed out for so long by magazines of this kind. How many times do we see a magazine that is well written, well edited, and well-balanced, but which seems to be lacking in some little detail that goes to make up an interesting magazine? It is that little spicing—variety and originality.

The exchange comes in for its share of variety as well as the rest of the magazine. If an Exchange Editor adheres to old fashioned methods in his column, it is as good as useless—nobody reads it; but if it is original and varied, it naturally creates interest and fulfills its purpose in the school paper.

OUR ANNEX PRESENTS TRACK

Men may go and men may come. Track is here and just for fun, come on out and see what you can do. Positions on the track teams are still open to those eligible.

Despite the infancy of the season, many luminaries have been discovered. In the past meets our fellows did their share in bringing in the points that helped English out-class her rivals. Young Crowley, for example, has shown his ability in clearing the hurdles, thus guaranteeing points for us and also establishing a fine personal record for himself. This is one of the reasons why track should be considered a privilege, for it gives one a chance to build up a reputation for the future.

Perhaps this year, through lack of experience you find that you are not as fast as you wish to be. But, through constant endeavor and practice on your part, you will find fortune smiling at you next year and thereafter.

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ATTENDANCE

"Hands off fellows," The shield for the attendance during the month of January belongs to Mr. Benson's room, 13. 99 35-100 is a pretty good per cent. "What?" Almost the highest per cent of the entire school. That's something to be proud of. The shield has hung on Mr. Benson's wall so many times, that now the sun has faded the part around the shield and has left its imprint. "Is your room going to take it away from them next month?" "Try and do it."

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CHECKER CLUB

Whose move next? Mr. Hassenfus and his checker club. This worthy organization has already shown its value by furnishing fine competition and amusement for its participants. Anthony Cogliani was chosen President, by the members, numbering about thirty. The purpose of this organization is to prepare the fellows to try for the regular school team later on.

The scores of each player are kept and each member is ranked. Some of the fellows with high ranks are:—Chernov, Cohen, Kopelman, Halpert, and Poorvu. All credit due this club should reflect on Mr. Hassenfus.

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HALL ASSEMBLIES

On Feb. 6, the entire school congregated in the assembly hall. The purpose of this assembly was to show our respects to our departed ex-president, Woodrow Wilson.

On Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, another assembly was called. Mr. Benson arranged the program. Orations were given by boys from his various English classes.

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APPRECIATION

At the assembly in the hall on Lincoln's Birthday, Mr. Benson's English classes presented to the school a portrait of Lincoln. The spirit of "giving" is at a very high point in our school, and the bare walls are being gradually covered by things that are greatly appreciated by our fellows.

In behalf of the school we wish to thank Mr. Benson and his English classes for their splendid gift to the school. Keep up the good work.



JAMES MAGUIRE

"He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

A flying figure goes hurtling over the hurdles in perfect form. The stands yell themselves hoarse, and as the victor walks nonchalantly towards the locker room, we recognize Jim Maguire, our dashing track captain. (Whew, it took us half an hour to write that, Jim. Pretty special, we'll say.)

James, (Gee that name is a nightmare in this hooz-hoo) is some punkins around the building, and not only around here, for he earned his letter for two seasons at Mechanics, before he matriculated (whatever that means) at English. That sure was a loss for Mechanics and a gain for English.

Yet while his specialties are the hurdles, and the high jump, Maguire finds time to act as cheer leader during the football season, and to serve on the reception committee at the officers dance, between jumps.

We'll say he's some boy.

Jim was recently looking for a position during vacation. At last he came across an ad in the paper. Going to the address mentioned, he asked for the proprietor. "I saw your ad in which you wanted a boy to help retail canaries."

"Yes, are you ready to go to work?"

"No, I don't want the job. What I want to know is, how they lose their tails."

* * * * *

JOSEPH WERBY

"He was a burning and shining light."

At last, here he is. Hope to jump into a shallow dish of blue oatmeal if he isn't. Of course everyone knows Joe Werby, or if they don't they will. When he started to tell us about himself, we started taking notes, yea, we only started, we hired a stenog. to come in and finish up next day. Even then it was necessary for the business manager to remind him that we didn't own a paper mill.

Probably the most important thing Joe does is being on the executive committee. He is an old hand at this job, holding it down on last year's junior class.

Joe used to was on the ring committee, but he ain't no mo'. Nope, he resigned. Yes, sir, he up and resigned.

Joe was on the reception committee at the dance in the drill hall. Didn't you see him?

He goes on to tell us that:

He is a room capt.

A Record representative.

He likes to play a banjo.

But at this point we just had to tell him to turn off the steam.

Awhile ago Joe was out visiting a farmer in the country, and during his stay had occasion to milk a cow.

"Fust time you've ever milked a cow is it?" said the farmer, "Wall y'do it a durnsight better 'n most city fellers do."

"It seems t' come natural," came back Joe, "you see I've had considerable experience and practice with a fountain pen."

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JAMES F. FLAHIVE

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

You know, Jim, we wanted to put you in our colyum last month but we couldn't convince the printer that we could get more than forty-eight lines on a page, whether we measured it by trigonometry, geometry, or astronomy. So here goes for this time.

We take it for granted that you wiped your eye across that wicked write-up about the schoolboy that won the high jump at the Harvard Freshmen meet. Yes, sir, that was our own Jimmy, and by jiminy our Jimmy was the only school-boy that took a first in the meet.

Whatever James does, he does exceedingly well, whether it's football, track or cleaning house, he sure does make the dust fly. He has already got two letters and a football sweater to prove his ability on the gridiron. He's one of those cookoos, that's always a sure gainer on off tackle plays. After starring in the Latin game, Jim played fullback on the Boston Advertiser's all-scholastic team. Now how's that bump you?

Jimmy is also a lieutenant in drill, and after prize drill according to his way of doing things ought to be a lieutenant-colonel or sumpthin.

Whilst Jimmy was working last summer, he was approached by the boss. "You aint one of them blokes what drops their tools and scoots as soon as the knock-off blows."

"Naw," answered James, "not me. Why I often have to wait five minutes after I put my tools away before the whistle blows."

And he still wonders to-day why he got fired.

* * * * *

HERBERT T. PICKARD

"He was a famous athlete,

Whose feats were known throughout the land."

Here is another one of those gents that make a specialty of collecting E's during their career in our formidable institution. Either that or a soup sandwich. Yes, sir.

Herbert has made his mark in Baseball. Football. Track.

So far. Most likely he'll have added another one before the end of the year.

On the baseball team Herb plays infield or pitches as the occasion demands or the coach wishes.

On the football team he is that nifty little right end that makes our opponents think they're cross-eyed.

As for track. Oh, MacGregor. You ought to see him run the 300. A pistol shot, a streak of white, and a busted tape. He also goes in for the relay, you know, where one guy plays tag with another to see if he can beat the other team. Well, he's one of those guys.

Besides all this, he's a captain in drill and hot dog if he hasn't got the company. Gee, it makes us blush with shame.

A few nights ago Herby was out calling. Suddenly the stillness of the darkened parlor was punctuated by a crash just overhead.

"Wha-wha-what was that dud-dud-darling?" brave Herb managed to say.

"Merely father dropping a hint,"——replied.

Of course Herb stayed. * * * * *

WILLIAM J. McLAUGHLIN

"As fleet of foot as is the deer."

We seem to be getting most of the track men in this issue so we're going to keep up the good work by expounding on none other than our friend "Red" McLaughlin.

Red has distinguished himself by winning laurels for himself on the track. (We'd better say the cinder path or some dumb bell might think we meant railroad track.) The 50 yard dash is his specialty and to give you an idea how good he is we'll simply say that he won the reggies last season. Already he has two letters for this branch of sport.

But list ye whilst we continue. Red also shakes a wicked hip at football. He plays in the back lot considerable, or pardon, we meant the backfield, but it really means the same.

Red seems to like the drill hall. When he isn't down there running, he is parading around with his company, for he is a lieutenant.

Bill was working in a grocery store one time when a lady came in. "Let me have five pounds of sugar," she asked.

"Will you take it with you or shall I have it sent?" inquired our gallant William.

"H-m-m-m, guess I'll take it if it isn't too heavy."

"Oh it won't be heavy—only three or four pounds."

Now Bill still wonders why she didn't take the sugar.

* * * * *

JAMES A. TREMBLE

"Still waters run deep."

Here we have him boys, one of that great club and organization known as the Orpheum Club. Perhaps you didn't know it but Jim is one of the owners of the Orpheum. If you don't believe us, ask him.

James is one of the clique that boasts of four football E's and for that we'll say he certainly deserves his place in this colyum. Yes, sir, he's a corking fellow, is James. Either that or bananas.

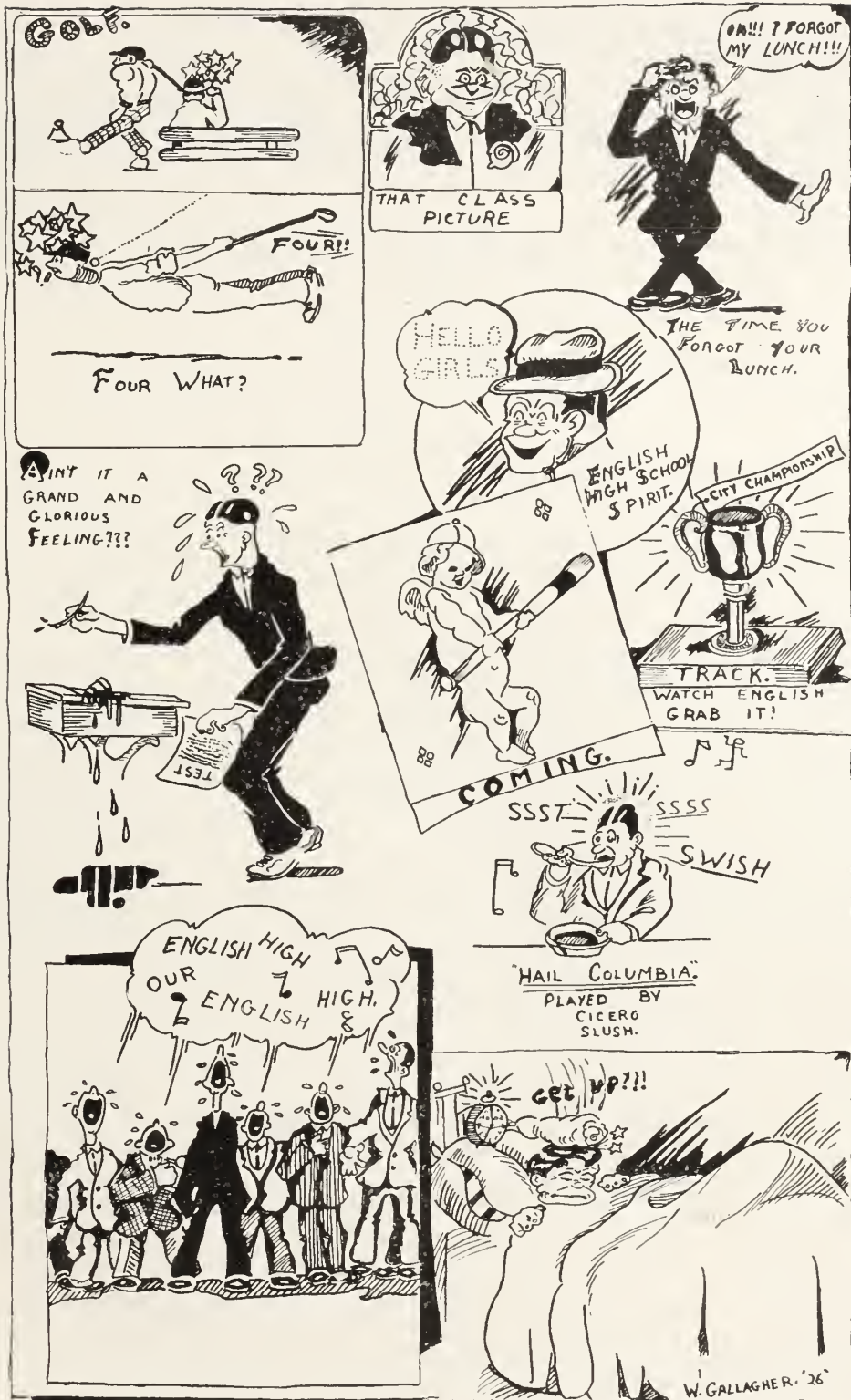
One day last summer Jim went fishing and he caught an exceedingly live fish.

"My goodness, what a live fish! How can I get him off the hook." After serious consideration of the situation, he hit on a brilliant idea. "Oh! I have it," he exclaimed, "I'll drown him."

Well if that isn't original, we don't know what is.

"Fishes don't perspire. Hello, hello, hello"

—W. G. S.





TRACK

RINDGE TECH

The English High Battleship, called the Track team swung into action with a terrific broadside against Rindge Tech. The score was $131\frac{1}{2}$ $48\frac{1}{2}$.

McLaughlin, that fiery topped veteran, gave the dust to the rest of the boys in the Senior Dash. Gladstone Scott, our famous sophomore, took second in the dash and first in the broad jump. He was the individual high point scorer for Blue and Blue. Hootstein, another tried and true veteran, represented a young cyclone as he tore down that track in the 300 and just nipped his teammate Kiley in very fast time, in fact, but a couple of seconds from the record. Rachins in the Inter. 600 performed nicely and received a first. Olliver strutted his stuff in the 1000.

In the Senior Field events, Jim Flahive and Bonner tied for first with leaps of 5 ft. 2 in. Foster and Hurwitz, the Dutch twins, took second and third in the shot put, which was won by McCoy of Rindge Tech.

Scott had a cinch in the Broad Jump with a jump of 9 ft. 9 in.

In the Intermediate Division, which is incidentally our weakest division, our best bet in the 50 was Freedman, who took third. Finn, a graduate from the Junior ranks, copped second in the 220.

On the whole, the meet seemed to satisfy our track mentor, Mr. Wilson, and gave him a good line on what he is to expect in future meets. The competition was especially keen. The Juniors also came through big with four out of the five first places by Gruber in the 50. Maloof in the shot put, Irish in the high jump, and Jaris in the broad jump. Zides came second in the 160 yd. dash.

INTER-CLASS MEET

On Jan. 24 our drill hall was the scene of a good-natured squabble among the representatives of the classes of E. H. S. Only the field events were contested. The result was: Seniors $30\frac{1}{2}$ points, Sophs 26, Freshmen $21\frac{1}{2}$, and Juniors 21. Danny Marr '24 won the senior shot put with a heave of 36 ft. 10 in., just beating out "Mac" Hurwitz and Hymie Foster. Flahive took first in the senior high-jump, soaring over the bar at 5 ft. 4 in. Scott '26 leaped 9 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for first in the senior broad jump. Jackson gave everybody a shock, leaping 5 ft. $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. in the inter. high jump.

On Jan. 25, the battle was transferred to the East Armory. After the running events were over, the seniors had won the Class Meet, with $63\frac{1}{2}$ points. The sophs with 59 points were tagging right behind. The juniors pulled in 54 points and the freshmen did a fine job with $32\frac{1}{2}$ points.

The summary:

Field Events, Senior Division

Shotput—Won by Marr, '24, 36 ft. 10 in.; tie for second between Foster, '24, and Hurwitz, '24, 35 ft. 9 in.; fourth, Raynor, '24, 34 ft.

High Jump—Won by Flahive, '24, 5 ft. 4 in.; Bonner, '26, 5 ft. 3 in.; Reines, '24, 5 ft. 2 in.; Mayoral, '24, 5 ft.

Broad Jump—Won by Scott, '26, 9 ft. 2 in.; Feldstein, '26, 9 ft.; Peterson, '24, 8 ft. $10\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Rothenburg, '26, 8 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Intermediate Division

Shotput—Won by Finn, '25, 37 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Freedman, '24, 37 ft. 5 in.; Goldsmith, '24, 37 ft.; Minsky, '26, 36 ft. 2 in.

High Jump—Won by Jackson, '26, 5 ft. $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Segal, '24, 5 ft. 1 in.; Capen, '24, 4 ft. 8 in.; tie for fourth between Colburn, '27, and Davidson, '27, 4 ft. 7 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Shapiro, '25, 8 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Grant, '25, 8 ft. 6 in.; Kudish, '25, 8 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Risan, '25, 8 ft. $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Junior Division

Shotput—Won by Maloof, '25, 42 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Zides, '27, 36 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Huberman, '27, 30 ft. 10 in.; Woolf, '27, 27 ft. 4 in.

High Jump—Won by Burch, '27, 4 ft. 7 in.; Crowley, '27, 4 ft. 4 in.; Shinney, '27, 4 ft. 3 in.; tie for fourth between Baxter, '27, and Irish, '26, 4 ft. 2 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Jaris, '26, 8 ft. 1 in.; Lahan, '27, 7 ft. 4 in.; Simmons, '26, 6 ft. 11 in.; Shanna, '27, 6 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.

HARVARD FRESHMEN—ENGLISH—BOSTON LATIN MEET

The Harvard Freshmen track team started off on its college career in a way that bodes future ill for Yale. The Freshmen ran wild through English and Latin, running up a total of 60 points, while English got 10 and poor Latin, 1.

Al Miller, former English High Flash, won the 40 yd. dash, with "Archie" Crossen crowding him all the way.

The school-boys' only place was in the high jump, in which our own Jim Flahive wiggled over the bar for a 5 ft 6 in. jump. Latin's lone point was a result of Sullivan's third in the 300 yd. run. In the 600 De Marco upheld our colors with a third place. The relay was won by Harvard '27 with English second. Latin did not run in the relay.

Senior Division

50-yard dash—Won by Scott, '26; Thorman, '24, second; Rothenberg, '26, third; Crossen, '25, fourth.

300-yard run—Won by Bonitto, '24; Kelleher, '25, second; Cunningham, '24, third; Dubinsky, '24, fourth.

600-yard run—Won by Colton, '24; Werman, '24, second; Jacot, '24, third; Gallagher, '24, fourth.

1000-yard run—Won by T. Crossen, '26; Sallaguh, '24, second; Stone, '25, third; Reines, '24, fourth.

* * * * *

Intermediate Division

50-yard low hurdles—Won by Rachins, '25; Seigel, '24, second; Seidler, '24, third; Capen, '24, fourth.

50-yard dash—Won by Friedman, '24; Godinsky, '25, second; Kudish, '25, third; Johnson, '26, fourth.

220-yard run—Won by Gordon, '25; Finn, '25, second; Grey, '26, third; Dunby, '27, fourth.

600-yard run—Won by Meagher, '26; Cabrisky, '26, second; Sholb, '25, third; Lee, '24, fourth.

Junior Division

50-yard dash—Won by Weiner, '25; Irish, '26, second; Slagg, '27, third; Crowley, '27, fourth.

160-yard run—Won by Lewis, '27; Hower, '26, second; Maloof, '25, third; Zides, '27, fourth.

* * * * *

MECHANIC ARTS MEET

The final score of this meet gave English High 175 points to Mech. Arts 56. The track events were held Thursday, Feb. 8 at the East Armory. First came the hurdles. Flahive of English beat Cummins of Mechanics. Rachins tried a new event instead of the 600, and came through with a first in the hurdles. One of the best races was the dash. English had six men in the finals to Mechanics one. Scott, the broad jumper, surprised all by beating "Red" McLaughlin in the dash, with Crossen and Thurman both of English third and fourth, respectively. It appears that English will have a great many good men in the "Reggies" this year.

Favells of M. A. H. S. beat Freedman, our intermediate dash man. Irish came through in the Junior dash, beating Bukowsky of Mechanics. In the Senior 600 Hootstein beat Pickard in a great race, with Kiley a close fourth over Lavelle. Lewis did his stuff also and beat out Burns of Mech.

Now come the longer races. In the Senior 600 there was a pretty race between MacKinney of M. A. H. S. and DeMarco of English. MacKinney won a most gruelling race.

In the intermediate 600 things were more to our liking. Meagher and Tabrisky got first and second respectively. The 1000 yd. run was a corker. Fallar of Mechanics won in near record time, with Oliver second. The results of the track events gave English a wonderful lead to work on. The score was 93-39. The field events were postponed until Friday. So on Friday in our Drill Hall, we continued to roll up the score.

All the places in the shot put of the Seniors came to us. Foster with a put of $37\frac{1}{2}$ ft. won with Danny Marr, second. Flahive turned out to be a double place winner by securing a first in the high jump. Scott was another one of these double place winners by winning the broad jump with a leap of 9 ft. 7 in. Peterson came second.

Segal of English came first in the Inter. High Jump with a leap of 5 ft. 1 in. with Jackson second. Freedman did better in the Int. shotput by taking a first place with a creditable heave of 38 ft. 3 in. Shapiro got a first in the Intermediate Broad Jump, with Grant of English trailing him by only one inch.

In the Junior Division Maloof took first in the shotput with 43 ft. 10 in., which was a fairly creditable achievement. However, Zides gave him a tough rub by doing 43 ft. Zides is a freshman and the product of Mr. Benson, who keeps those youngsters at work all the time and who now is reaping results. Irish of English is another double place winner. He took first in the dash and high jump. Jais of English did 7 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in. in the broad jump, beating Pierce of Mechanics by 5 inches. The results of the field events were English 82, Mechanics 17.

RIFLE TEAM

Who said our team is no good and cannot shoot straight? Just listen to this line up with Y. M. C. A. It begins to look like another record year.

Swan, 100; Rollins, 100; Thormer, 100; Walsh, 97; Somers, 95. None below 90. Not so dusty, Eh! The team is improving each week under the excellent coaching of Lieut. M. J. Lannon. If any of you fellows want to be rated as sharpshooters, you had better get to the range and practice. Qualifications begin soon.

TENNIS

Tennis is soon to be introduced in all the public high schools of Boston as a major sport. Mr. Young and Mr. McCoy are the men in back of the wheel this time. Mr. Young's argument is that tennis is a sport that a fellow can still indulge in until he reaches the vicinity of sixty years of age, while football, baseball, and track, are sports that are much too strenuous for that age.

At a recent meeting, called to encourage tennis, it was decided to form two classes, namely "juniors" and "seniors." The seniors consist of boys over sixteen years of age and the juniors, of boys under sixteen years of age, regardless of height. The place for practice will be at Franklin Field, every school day, from 3.15 until the approach of darkness. Mr. McCoy will coach all fellows trying for the team.

At the close of last year's tennis season, Wallace Sadow, '24, was elected manager for the coming season. Under his management, nothing will be left undone.

That's the story, fellows. Now, when the call for candidates comes, "Every one out." Further details will be given with the approach of the season.

SWIMMING

ENGLISH *vs.* M. I. T.

On Jan. 18, the team tackled those big boys from M. I. T., the Tech Freshmen. The score was 32-21 and we on the short end of it. Tech won the relay by a fairly good margin, and incidentally the meet by winning the relay. Green was anything but green in the dive and won it handily. Ullman, the fastest swimmer on the team, was just nipped at the finish of the fifty and was forced to accept a second in that event. Sullivan, only a soph, got a third in the 200-yard swim. Bornstein and Reuben got first and second respectively in the plunge.

* * * * *

ENGLISH *vs.* CAMBRIDGE LATIN

The water-dogs swam against Cambridge Latin, Jan. 23, and still in the throes of defeat, were beaten 40-22. The relay was the closest ever seen in that pool. Green, with a badly swollen knee, came through with a second in the dive. Ullman won the forty yard dash handily, and received a second in the century. In the 20 yard dash, "Chick" Ferguson finished a close second with Sullivan third. "Vic" Ullman got a third in the 200. Bornstein won the plunge, as per usual, and our Valentino, Reuben, got a third.

* * * * *

ENGLISH *vs.* RINDGE TECH.

On Feb. 1, the team met Rindge. The boys can't seem to scare off that Ghost "Defeat." In the dive, with Green, our best bet out for the rest of the season, "Red" Gallagher, only a soph, surprised us all and copped a second. Ullman again performed and as a result got a first in the 100, and a second in the 40 yd

dash. Bornstein and Rubin performed their classy act, with a first and second in the plunge. Goldberg, swimming his first meet for English, got a second in the 20 yd. "Chick" Ferguson received a third in the forty and ditto in the 20. Sullivan got his point in the 200. The final score was 34-25.

B. C. H. vs. ENGLISH

On Feb. 4, the swimming team met Boston College High at the Bunker Hill Boys Club Pool. We got off to a flying start for the city championship by licking B. C. H. S. 57-26. We won both the senior and junior relays easily. In the senior dive, Backman and Novitch got first and second respectively. Gallagher and Geyson raked in the junior dive in the order named. The best English could do in the senior 20 yd. backstroke was second and third by Novitch and Ferguson. Benks won the junior 40 for English. "Sullie" was right behind him. Bornstein and Reuben had the field to themselves in the plunge. In the junior plunge, Feldberg and Myers were our point getters, the former getting a first, and the latter, a fourth. Ullman had it easy in winning the senior 100.

* * * * *

HOCKEY

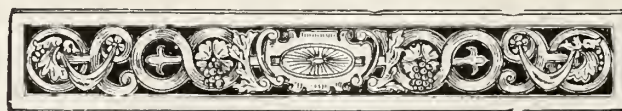
The E. H. S. hockey team has played 7 games thus far this season, only to receive a setback on every occasion except two, and those two exceptions resulted in tie games. But do not underrate the quality of the team by its per cent won and lost. It has met some of the best sextets in the state and has gone down to defeat fighting to the end on every occasion. In St. Johns Prep., Dorchester and Middlesex High Schools it has met 3 undefeated teams, while B. C. High and Mechanic Arts High are also rated among the best. So with the above mentioned teams and our Alumni team which is worthy of giving any of the best college teams a struggle, we can readily see what our own combination of one veteran was up against.

The acquisition of Jim Bailey and Sam Thompson to our team late in the season, has added much power to our attack.

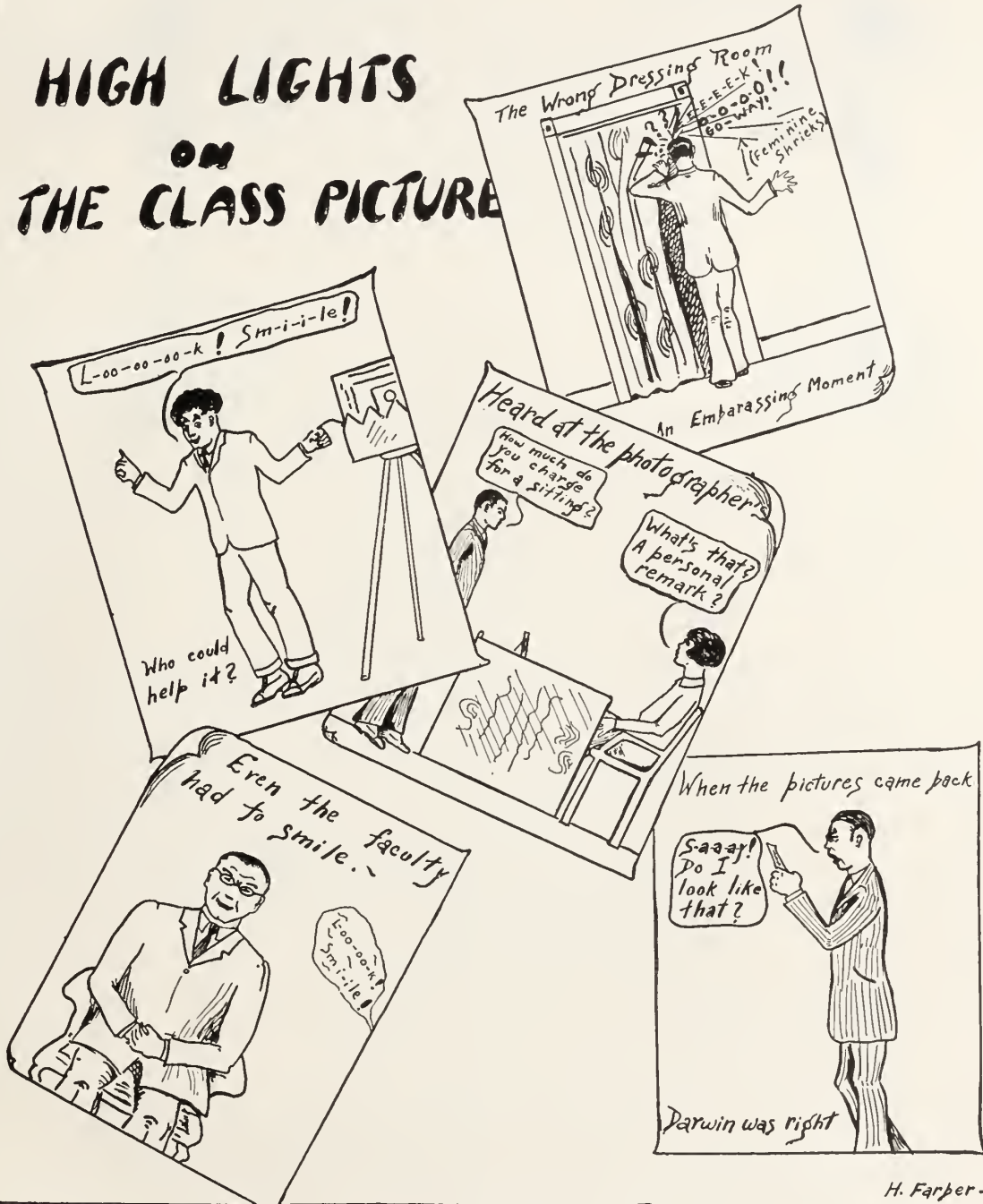
Following are the results of our games to date, which will show how closely our games were contested:

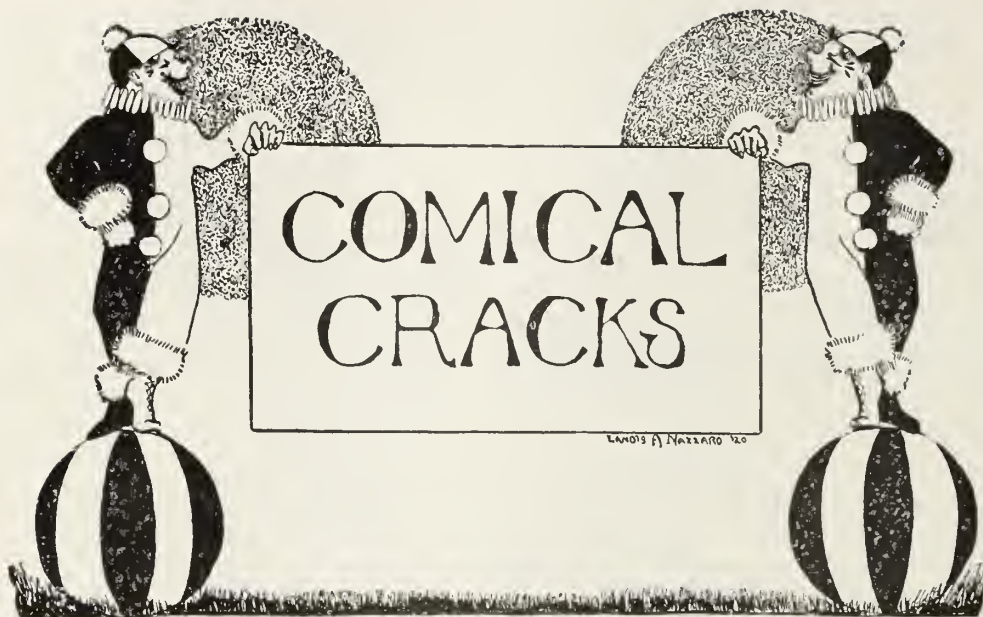
E. H. S.,	0	Dorchester High	0
E. H. S.,	0	Dorchester High	1
E. H. S.,	0	B. C. High,	3
E. H. S.,	0	E. H. S. Alumni,	5
E. H. S.,	1	Mechanic Arts High,	1
E. H. S.,	0	St. John's Prep.,	1
E. H. S.,	0	Middlesex High,	1

The remainder of our schedules shows games with Belmont, Rindge Tech, High School of Commerce, and Boston Latin School; all comparatively weak teams whom we expect to defeat.



HIGH LIGHTS ON THE CLASS PICTURE





Everything was wrong in the class of public speaking. The teacher was discouraged, and he urged his pupils, in some excitement, to put more expression into their recitations.

"Too flat!" he exclaimed. "Too colorless! You can do better than that. Try again. Now! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

* * * * *

FOR THE BUGS

First Radio Nut: "I listened in to the concert last night, using my umbrella rib for an aerial."

Second Radio Nut: "I used a bed spring. I've thrown away the bed—don't need it any more, for I sit up all night at the radio."

* * * * *

TRAGEDY

The fat girl sat on the strong man's knee
And alas! It was a blunder
He travels with the circus yet—
He's now the legless wonder.

* * * * *

"Where are you going?"

"Chemistry exam."

"Going to take the acid test, eh?"

* * * * *

"Ah," she sighed, "I shall never hear his footsteps again, the steps I have listened for with eager ears as he came through the golden gate, the step that has so often thrilled my heart as I heard it on the front porch. Never, never again!"

"Has he left you?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"No. He has taken to wearing rubber soles!"

A youth was in search of a situation, so he went to the gas works. As he was proceeding down the yard, he was met by the foreman.

"What do you want?" he was asked.

"Work," answered the youth.

"What can you do?" he was asked.

"Almost anything."

"Well," said the foreman bent upon having a joke with the youth, "you seem to be a very smart fellow, but could you wheel a barrow of smoke?"

"Yes, certainly," was the reply, "I could do that, if you would fill it for me."

* * * * *

NOW YOU TELL ONE

"When I was in India," said the confirmed liar, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman, with very great presence of mind, splashed some water in its face, and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said the traveling man in the arm chair, "I can vouch for that story. Some minutes after the incident occurred I was coming down to the water. I met the tiger our friend has been telling us about, and as is my habit, I stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were still wet."

* * * * *

Old King Tut was a radio bug,
A radio bug was he,
He called for his set,
And all he could get
Was (WNAC).

* * * * *

Percy: "I'd go through fire for you!"

Phyllis: "What a silly ash you'd be."

* * * * *

"A wise man never blows his knows."

* * * * *

Fair Patient: "Oh, doctor, what do you recommend for a tired, fagged-out brain?"

Doctor: "Well, fish is a great brain food."

Patient: "What kind of fish?"

Doctor: "Why, for you, a couple of whales might be about right to start with."

* * * * *


The Eskimos are men of might,
In Summer time they fish and fight,
And in winter when it's cold at night,
They make Eskimo pies. Fooled ya!

* * * * *

Teach.: "Brown, this is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to a pond to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell how many went in?"

Brown: "Yes, sir; seven."

* * * * *

 Sue: "I had a nut sundae."

Due: "I have one calling to-night."

Announcer: "The next on the program will be our semi-final."

Swipes McPhipps: "Listen, Bo! Who's dis Sammie Final guy? I've heard of him before, but I ain't never seen him fight yet!"

* * * * *

Dear Editor: "My baby has a bad habit of falling out of bed. What shall I do?"

Dear Madam: "Put him to sleep on the floor."

* * * * *

"You're a liar!" drawled the little man.

"What!" roared the big man, clenching a huge fist. "Do you dare to call me that, you poor, puny puppy?"

"I do," came back the defiant reply! "If you speak another word, you great lump, I'll soon cut you short!"

"Cut me short, you cheese mite!" shouted the enraged giant.

"Yes, and here goes!" snapped the poor, puny puppy, sharply and quick as lightning, before the burly one could utter a word, he hung up the telephone receiver!

* * * * *

"Charlie, dear," said the fond wife. "I started today to economize on our weekly expenses."

"Good, darling. How did you do it?"

"I cut all your Havana cigars in half, so you'll have twice as many."

* * * * *

HE FELL

She: "That man fell out of a twenty story building and wasn't even bruised."

He: "How come?"

She: "He fell out of the first story."

* * * * *

WOE! WOE!

She: "Why so sad?"

He: "I just happened to think, dear, this is the last evening we can be together until tomorrow."

* * * * *

Young Woman (who wishes to buy some walnuts): "Pardon me, but who waits on the nuts?"

* * * * *

"How are you coming on?"

Author: "Good. I've got the material on hand for a first-class novel."

"You're a lucky man."

"That's not all! I've got the material for a splendid comedy besides."

"You are fortunate."

"Yes, but what I really need is the material for a new suit."

* * * * *

Two men quarreled about a baby
Which I thought a foolish thing to do
Until I heard the baby
Has just reached twenty-two.

It happened in one of those Help-Yourself Joints, where the honor system is supposed to prevail, but where they have spotters to watch you. You eat what you want and tell the cashier "How Much." Our hero walked up to the receiver of the Filthy Lucre.

"Two bits," he said.

Just then he felt a tap on his shoulder.

"How much?" said the cashier.

"One buck," said our hero, and then turned around. "Gotta match?" said the fellow behind him.

* * * * *

When the donkey saw the Zebra

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never," was his comment,

"Saw a mule that's been in jail."

* * * * *

LET IT SIGN THE PLEDGE

"How long does an engine last?" asked the inquisitive old lady of the locomotive engineer.

"About thirty years," he answered patiently.

"Oh, I should think a tough looking thing like that would last longer."

"Maybe it would, if it didn't smoke so much."

* * * * *

Counsel: "Where did he kiss you?"

Plaintiff: "On the lips, sir."

Counsel: "No! No! You don't understand. I mean where were you?"

Plaintiff: (blushing) "In his arms, sir."

* * * * *

"How did you get all those wrinkles?"

"From worrying."

"What did you worry about?"

"About getting wrinkles!"

* * * * *

Visitor: "This man isn't a dwarf. He is over five feet in height."

Showman: "That is the greatest thing about him. He is the tallest dwarf in the world."

* * * * *

PERHAPS

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Dr. Smith?"

"No, do you wish to speak to him?"

"Yes."

"Hold the air a minute and I'll call him."

* * * * *

AS CLEAR AS MUD

College Prof.: (to pet pupil): "Wilbur, explain about an anprobochial ossification and extradition of the granular euphorbiums."

Wilbur: "Yes, sir, this must obstruct the action of the posterior varioloid carnabadiums unless constant embroton of the bicuspid redax is present."

THE HONEST SUITOR

"Oh, Jack! You're so big and strong."

"Yes, yes, dear, I know. That's all due to Samuel Samson's course in Health—puts new pep in all men, changes skinny arms and legs to man's size, brightens up the world, brings forth a new feeling of pep and punch, only costs \$7.50 by special offer in plain wrapper, sign the coupon today."

* * * * *

Teach.: "Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

Stude.: "Yes, sir. What part didn't you understand?"

* * * * *

THE SIX HUNDRED

Side by side they stood in a beautiful white array. What a spectacle it was! Brilliant as a mirror in the sun, straight and strong, they were an imposing spectacle. Glistening red tops . . . They were like an undefeated battalion that could tear and crash when set in motion.

Then imagine my surprise when the old woman carefully took the whole set out of her mouth and soaked them in a glass of cold water.

* * * * *

IN H5

Prof.: "And when Lord Chesterfield saw that death was near, he gathered all his friends around him. But before he breathed his last, he uttered those last immortal words. Who can tell me what the dying words of Lord Chesterfield were?"

Class (in chorus): "They Satisfy!"

* * * * *

Aspiring Young Man (to Senator): "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Senator: "I began by addressing envelopes."

* * * * *

CHORUS OF A POPULAR AIR

YES, we have no antenna

We have no antenna today.

We've inductance, resistance, cat's whiskers and crystals

And peanut bulbs also, and say

We have some galena and zincite,

We've switches and verniers

But, yes, we have no antenna,

For somebody *stole* it away.

* * * * *

Weather Man (about to depart for his office): "Dear, I wonder if I'd better take my umbrella."





The *Artisan*, Mechanics Art High School, Boston. So this is Mars! Well, Well! In "A Trip to Mars," we see the rise of a new star amidst the scientific lights (Who threw that?) The cuts and the page of cartoons are fine, but the title "Editorials" is erroneous, for they are written by contributors, not by 'is royal 'ighness. We notice, too, the briefness of your exchange column.

" 'Income Tax,' grumbled the carpet, as father got busy with the hammer."

* * * * *

Chevron—Albion High School, Albion, N. Y. Stories in abundance, then poems, long, short, and of every description seems to be the features of this magazine.

The Activities, Alumni, and Jokes columns are good, as are the cartoons, though most papers prefer to put current events and athletics in separate columns. Why mix the editorials with the stories?

*"Let poets sing their lilting song
And gaily smite the lyre;
Give me the man who whistles while
He's putting on a tire."*

* * * * *

The *Noddler*, East Boston High School. We like the spirit that seems prevalent throughout your publication—the idea that the *Noddler* belongs to the student body at large, not merely to a few contributors. We noticed an article of that type very rarely printed in school paper—"After Graduation, What?" The Athletics column is a bit cramped, though the cartoons are good.

"A little boy, when being reproached for breaking a new rocking horse, said, 'What's the good of a horse 'till it's broke?' "

* * * * *

The *Distaff*, Girls' High. The stories in your Holiday Number are first class, as is your lone editorial. "The Turning of the Tide," though it has a good plot, is too melodramatic—too much "Fireman, save me che-ild!" stuff. The Alumni Column, as well as the Happenings, and Cartoons, is well treated; but the exchange department is very mediocre. Why not a few more jokes in your paper?

* * * * *

The *Gale*, Revere High School, Revere, Mass. Your editorials are certainly "right there with the goods," as are the stories. We see evidence of a progressive tendency in the "Radio News" Column. Your sport column, is, however, very scanty and we wonder if it is with some secretly humorous intent that you mix the end of the "Senior Notes" with the Jokes Column.

*"Lives there a guy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said;
Gee, I hate to get out of bed!"*

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